

Night as Concentration on the Color of Tibet

or mountains looking back before the dark
colors, not black or purple but before
dusk a pre purple after blue; Miro
performed it best on his bicycle
of lights: the blue of concentration and the dark
dark until, waiting, it permits the eye to enter.
Intemperance is the color of short seasons:
cocoon and early plum, young cherry. Not water
color. Perhaps tempra and the swirl of white
gallons mixed through Prussian blue to purple.

While scooping with the stick you'll
know it by its short life and ripeness.

Walking Alone with Proust from Odeón

I

I go from Odeón
over Pont what's its name
behind the Louvre asleep
snoring through the clutter
of centuries. I go from Ile de la Cite
without logic quay by quay
@ 5:55 a.m.

Breakfast is sour
cheese, hard rind
slightly greasy I forget
the name, wrapped in l' Humanite
w/ 2 oranges.

I go from Odeón some days
w/ pastry wrapped in le Monde or pages
from a fat le Figaro. The wine is
never the same. I take it in a plaid
canvas & yellow oil
-skin.

It is my Paris
private and insane w/ Proust
asleep in the oilskin among my cheese and Vichy
candy. It is my Jardin des Tuileries
garden of the Jacobin attacks
their dead plunked haphazard under nudes
of all the middle Louis.

II

I go from Odeón with Louis Blanqui
and the anarchist Vaillant, private
paintings of obscure ladies'
hair and rooms rented
high up in the mind of Robespierre;
silkscreen pantomimes and prints of whores across
the dark sun of Louys' Sanguines.

At seven or about
then I go up Rue de la Paix
up Rue la Fayette up
Blvd. de Magenta up the stairs at Montmartre
sipping port, pernod, port from bar to bar.
Preparations for the Byzantine
Sacre-Coeur, drunken monk of all the Medici
mistakes.

Down there are the cheating
wives and the cheating husbands and the
wives and husbands tired of cheating each other,
united to cheat the world. I wish them good morning.
I am making it with a late walker
under the walls of Sacre-Coeur. I throw my bag
of jism on the altar. 20 francs and 2 for candles
(for the girl). And I open my
Proust.

III

It is "Seascape with a Frieze of Girls."
Very recondite. Priests and the slash
of last night's moon hover like enemies
contesting for the day. Scott
Fitzgerald Day. No problem for me
but girls at confessionals and the sky
still dipping into day.

It is the moon that dips away.
"Monsieur." I am in a Montmartre bar.
"There is a call for you." "Here."
"Oui." It is Chan Tse-tuan from
the Yuan Dynasty. That is what she says.
"He has gone to Cannes. For a week."
"Lunch then the Guimet." "Accept?"
"Accept." There is no one listening but Swann.

"Out at the River during the Spring
Festival," she says. We have new
cheese and wine. "You are getting
fat," she says. "It comes and goes."

Guimet is closed. High class walkers
smile on Rue Bonaparte. The taxi driver
wears white spats. "Impossible."
"It is so." "Your concierge?"
"Out." She fills the bathtub up with milk.

It is a white day. Her father's place.
Gone to Corsica for Napoleon's birthday.
And all the paintings late Sung.
White sheets and walls. White tub and milk
and the white of eyes. Neck and breasts unspotted
by the sun. Her blond mound of trees dipping
into milk. Straw hair immersed
and me all milk, together tasting milkglass
breasts, miniatures, and the white
tongues and the day drowning in milk.
Plump fixtures and the pumping musk of her
and my own milk, paintings of a white nude and a white
nude with Guimet closed down and down
the milk and scented lips. The white day. The white
day and curtains billowing and highglass
opium drips through eyes that look along the ceiling
into me. Her husband at Cannes. It is the moon's day.
Also at George Cinq.

IV

She "can't be seen there." A white dress.
"Milk me. It will stain the white."
Plump from childbirth. It is a sweet milk.
A dress without disguises. "But you can't
go." "I will wear a wig." "Yes, it is only fair."
"Yes. And it's Fitzgerald Day." "By the way,
who says so?" "Everyone at George V."
"Oh." "No, really nobody."
And I am in white suit.

And the George V is in summer
white. "It wasn't even his place," she says
"It was his private place." "Really?"
"Who knows?" It cost us 4000 francs.

There is a girl with Pola Negri eyes
and her husband selling turpentine from Metz
and an English editor with boys
and a general in braces and an early afternoon
contingent from the Borse
and the late and early season leavings
from Longchamps and the summer Opera and
Comedie Francaise. Forty people.
It is a sad drink for Scott but

no one refuses. "It is never done. Never,"
says a threatening waiter. "Never."
"Yes, but the girl. Do you know who she..."
"Shhh!" And we drink two more. For Scott. For Scott.

V

Paris has its rules. Afternoon for lovers,
evenings for the family. I take my suit off.
(Her father's.) "Supper and a bateaux?" "You know
I can't." "Yes." "But it has been perfect."
"Yes." I say good-bye to Sung, to the white
dress. "You will come tomorrow?" "Yes." "Guimet?"
Yes. "Taxi." Yes. "Taxi." Simple
And it will be a white week.

Color by Vlaminck

In Lille
and in the north of France
colors are eclectic
women intellectual.

Vlaminck was just a cyclist
Belge disguised as painter
paint disguised as thunder
in a vase of roses.

In Lille
and in the north of France
colors by Vlaminck
France is dark sea flowers, high tide
of lowlands, dark people
in light skins.

Vichy after Rain: Summer, 1969

There are days you wake with ghosts
gathering in halls of crumbled villas
among the bars and bistros
of the morning. They know they are dead.

In Vichy on liberation day
there are a few shops open.
People talk to me.
I am not the accusing
American.